

winners pov

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by Anonymous

Summary

“So,” Dream breathes over the cheers from the crowd below, “we won.”

“We won.”

“Can I get that kiss now?”

“What?”

Notes

I wrote this lil thing after MCC :) they're soooo homiesexual its disgusting /j

not beta read, kind of rushed, but I got so pumped after MCC i speed wrote this! enjoy :D

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“So,” Dream breathes over the cheers from the crowd below, “we won.” He has a beaming smile on his face, flushed pink from exhilaration. He looks down at George with a look bright with happiness, along with something else mixed into the fray that the older can’t decipher. George

smiles back, neck aching from the effort of having to look up at the taller blond along with the weight of the heavy golden crown on his head.

“We won.” He affirms. He can hear Karl and Sapnap behind them, strategically distracting the crowd with their waves and cheers of victory. His heart thumps steady against his chest, triumphant and happy but nervous all at once.

“Can I get that kiss now?”

“What?” George chuckles nervously, ignoring the voice in his brain screaming at him to do it, ignoring the chills that run up his spine when Dream leans closer, ignoring the way his head spins when the younger simpers. “You heard that?” It had been a last ditch effort to get Dream to win, a desperate promise shouted over the roaring crowds as they stood on the slippery Dodgebolt—Witchbolt—stadium, wands in hand and spells being fed to their best shot. George hadn’t even thought the blond had heard him at the time, as his gaze had stayed determinedly focused on his opponents slipping and sliding across the ice. It seems that he was wrong about that.

Dream smirks and leans closer, the shouts of the crowd below fading away into nothingness as his breath blows hot against George’s face. The brunette flushes, turning his head away slightly as a blond eyebrow is raised. “A promise is a promise, Georgie. Is it not?”

George scoffs, starting a bit when Dream’s hands latch onto his hips to deny him any chance of escape. Even through his robes, he can feel the burning hotness of Dream’s palms as if they were making direct contact on his skin. George tries not to focus too much on this, and also tries not to focus on the musky, Dream-like smell that invades his nostrils every time he sniffs. “I suppose it is,” he concedes. Dream’s smirk grows impossibly wider. The brunet shifts, hands pressing flat against his friend’s broad chest, and smiles coyly. “You should kiss me, then.”

Dream doesn’t need to be told twice. He leans forward, moving to connect their lips. The first time he fails, their bulky crowns clinking together and causing the younger to wince and lean back. George laughs through half lidded eyes whilst Dream rolls his, clearly annoyed, but adjusts his head so that the stupid crowns aren’t a problem anymore.

Contrary to what he’s been told, no fireworks go off in his mind when Dream presses his lips softly against George’s, nor does he feel a tornado of butterflies in his stomach. Instead it is a gentle warmth that moves throughout his body, spreading down to his fingertips and sending satisfaction tingling up his skin in the form of sparks. There’s a sort of rightness to it, he thinks, as he curls his fingers into the fabric of Dream’s robes and revels in the sweet softness of his lips. He hears Tommy’s scream of ‘WHAT THE FUCK?’ over all the whoops and cheers of everyone else, and Dream seems to hear it too because he grins hard against the brunette’s lips, pulling away for a short moment to allow a breathy chuckle to escape him.

“Ignore the child,” George mutters softly, and pulls him in again. He’s beginning to think it was a bad idea—this whole kissing thing—as the longer he does the more he wants. Dream doesn’t seem to mind all that much though, satisfying his needs with a stifled grin every time. He pulls away once, then twice, and every time George makes a face and tugs him back. It registers in his mind after a few moments that they’re still here, on stage in front of forty odd people with thousands more watching from the broadcasts, so he allows Dream to pull back for the final time. There’s a permanent grin etched onto the blond’s face, but George can’t really say anything either because his cheeks hurt from how hard he’s smiling right now. He laughs and leans back when Dream leans forward, peppering his face in sloppy kisses. “You’re disgusting!”

“But you love me,” Dream points out, finally allowing the smaller man to pull away. George pretends not to notice how the blond grasps his hand, curling their fingers together.

“Barely,” he retorts, turning his attention to Sapnap who bounces up to them with a raised eyebrow. The noiret looks oddly good with the crown on his head, like it had belonged there the entire time.

“Where’s my kiss, Gogy?” He snuffles, feigning hurt.

George rolls his eyes, “You don’t get one.” Sapnap gasps melodramatically, looking betrayed as Dream chuckles. By now the crowd has started to disperse, people beginning to head home, tired from the long three hours of mini games.

“Oh Georgie,” he says in that insufferably terrible British accent, “you wound me.” George scoffs, rolling his eyes even despite the smile he dons at his friend’s antics.

“Don’t worry Sap,” Karl says sympathetically, “I’ll kiss you.” Sapnap giggles at that, smushing Karl’s face in his hands and bringing him close to leave a wet kiss on his cheek. They snicker together.

“Ew,” Dream wrinkles his nose and turns his head to the side, “that’s disgusting.”

“Oh?” Sapnap turns with a grin. “You can’t escape either, Dreamie,” he singsongs, launching forward to grab at the taller blond. George chuckles and watches as Dream pulls away, warm hand untangling from his in the process, and leaps off the stage to avoid the noiret’s attack. Sapnap follows closely after, making kissy noises at the Slytherin as he flees. Karl watches for a short moment before turning a mischievous gaze to George.

George's eyes widen in realization. "Karl," he warns, but the curly haired brunet is already reaching for him with a shit-eating grin on his face that resembles Sapnap's far more than he would've liked. The crown nearly falls off his head as he scrambles off stage, pushing past a few others as Karl jumps down too, calling out his name and giving chase.

He runs, which is incredibly hard with this heavy crown on his head, and tries to ignore the Hufflepuff's maniac giggles as he tries to catch up, cries of 'I just want kissies!' leaving his mouth. In the end, after being chased around the map multiple times, he is tugged into the hall of fame by Dream, one finger raised to his lips in a motion to be silent, and they end up hiding downstairs where all the previous winners of MCC have been documented. Dream wheezes as Karl passes right by and presses a sloppy kiss to George's forehead, then his nose, then all over his face until the older scrunches his face up in mock disgust and leans away. They ignore Karl and Sapnap's calls of 'Oh Georgeeee!' and 'Oh Dreeeeeam!' that sound outside, crouching behind Technoblade and Tommy's stands. Dream smiles that customary boyish grin of his, and presses a sly peck at the corner of George's lips.

George rolls his eyes, fingers curling into Dream's Slytherin robes, "Come here, idiot." The blond doesn't protest, instead grinning as their lips meet again. It's annoyingly difficult to kiss someone while they're smiling, George finds, but in the end he doesn't mind all that much because Dream hums a little in a way that makes the brunet's stomach do flips and heat flush his cheeks. Karl and Sapnap end up finding them again, hiding in the hall of fame, so the blond grabs him by the hand and tugs them to their feet—away from their two teammates as they give chase.

Dream wheezes uncontrollably as they flee, and George decides then that it wouldn't have mattered whether or not they won MCC. As long as he's here with his friends, having fun like this, he's happy.

End Notes

begging for comments again? you know it. Please comment please they are my comfort ship I love them so much

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